Volume LXIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1910 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Voice Within

At dawn it called,—"Go forward without fear!
All paths are open; choose ye, glad and free."
Through morning's toilsome climb it urged the plea,—
"Nay, halt not, though the path ye chose grow dear."
At noon it spake aloud,—"Make smooth the way
For other feet. Bend to thy task, though weight
Of sorrow press thee. Others dower, though fate
Deny thy secret wish." Through later day
It warns,—"Climb on! Heights woo! The waning light
Bids haste! Yet scorn not those who lag behind,
Confused by lengthening rays that clear thy sight,
These, too, have striv'n all day their way to find."
At eve, when flaming sunset fades, O hear
Dawn's echoing call,—"Go forward without fear."

New Year's Day, 1910. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

CONTENTS

Hopes for Nineteen Hundred and Ten 711

EDITORIAL—
Notes 711
The January Magazines 712
People Who Bothered Me.—E. P. Powell 713
Thanksgiving.—Bliss Carman 714

THE PULPIT—
The Annual Review Nineteen Hundred and Nine. —Jenkin Lloyd Jones 715

THE HOME—
The Valiant.—M. A. De Wolfe Howe 720
John Kellogg's Failure.—*Exchange* 720
Men of Labrador 720

THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 721

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Tin Roofing
and
Gravel, Slate

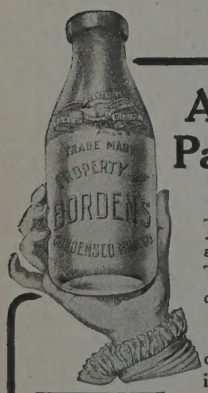
Sheet Metal Work
and
Gutters, Skylights

Advance Roofing
and Sheet Metal Works
-INCORPORATED-

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.

Phone Oakland 3776.

4821 Cottage Grove Avenue



Are You Particular ???

The most important article of food is milk. The most important question is its purity.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the milkman who is to supply the family with milk.

Supreme for Quality

For over half a century we have given the production, preparation and distribution of milk the most careful study.

Our wagons pass your door every day.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Tel. Central 4209 42 E. Madison St.

Chicago : Evanston : Oak Park : Maywood
Phones at all Branch Offices

1902 ONE WAGON 1908 12 WAGONS

Our Plant is the Best Equipped on the South Side

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of Laundry Work

PROMPT SERVICE OUR MOTTO

BISSELL LAUNDRY

231-233-235 39th Street Telephone Douglas 1003

SCHUMANN AND COMPANY
Dyeing and Cleaning
OF
Suits, Silks, Dresses, (Rugs Oriental) etc.

Many of the well known members of Abraham Lincoln Centre are our patrons. References. Calls taken on the Phone—and Delivered.

PHONE 1442 DOUGLAS 3954 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE
TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW
UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274
659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910. NUMBER 19.

Hopes for 1910

That the prosperous may live more simply in order that they may live more happily and have more time and money for things that are most worth while.

That the wealthy may feel more keenly the responsibility of their trusteeship. That they may do more constructive work, so that the need of "repair shop work" may be lessened.

That the poor and the toilers may be free from bitterness, realizing their freedom from many burdens and their enjoyment of many blessings.

That good citizens may trust less in the power of bad politicians.. That the vicious schemings of the "bosses" may be more heroically met by the righteous contentions of the honorable.

That partisanship in politics and sectarianism in religion, the two fell impediments to progress, may grow less.

That independence at the polls, honesty in the pulpit and earnestness in the pews may grow. That morality may become more social and honesty more municipal and national.

That there may be less of "charity" and more of justice.

That the growth of the "dry territory" may continue, because the saloon is first, last and all the time a physiological, social, economical and political menace, and all attempts to justify it are social, civic and ethical fallacies.

That there may be the same standard of official and police regulations in the city as in the country, in one part of the city as in every other part of the city.

That the "practical" and technical education, so much in demand, may not crowd out the interest in the humanities, history and art. Inspiration is more valuable than skill. Given motive, aptitude will follow.

That age may be more respected, childhood better guarded and motherhood better protected from over-toil.

That womanhood's contribution to the state may be more actively sought, and the power of the ballot be reinforced by her intelligence and consecration.

That there be less money spent on battle-ships and more on schools.. That the disarmament of nations may be advanced and the barbarities involved in militarism be reduced.

As might have been expected, Judge Lindsey's revealing, startling, heroic exposures of current politics in "Everybody's Magazine," are likely to cause him to be hauled before the courts. "Tramway Bill,"—William G. Smith, who has been the presiding officer of the Lower House in the Colorado Legislature, has entered a libel suit. Of course money, politics and the involutions of the law in the hands of dexterous manipulators may make trouble for Judge Lindsey, may bring conviction and a prison, but the American public will vindicate the man who has proved good on lines so discouraging and neglected. The friend and advocate of the boy is safely protected in the heart of the American people; none the less is the man who can trace even the boy question back largely to the corrupt politics and degraded politicians. Here as elsewhere, the question is one of civic righteousness.

Our neighbor, *The Public,* speaking of the appointment of W. J. Calhoun, one of Chicago's eminent citizens, to the position of Minister to China, from which another eminent Chicago citizen was so ungraciously, and, to our minds, inexcusably, deposed, says: "He has enjoyed a reputation along the border lines of elementary democracy for democratic ideals, and in his speech last winter at the Chicago meeting to resist the extradition to Russia of a political refugee. Hence his analysis of the underlying influence of social progress is that of a sincere as well as a thoughtful man." In proof of this *"The Public"* quotes from Mr. Calhoun's address a year ago:

> "A man without sentiment in his life does nothing for others. A nation without sentiment never lasts long. I love the story in the history of the Revolutionary War of the devotion of the soldiers during the hard winter at Valley Forge. The body of men inspired by a sentiment which leads them to go out beyond their own private interests is the body of men in which the hope of the public lies. Men of business, men of property and of public affairs must realize that all safety depends upon the cultivation of a strong and healthy moral spirit in the civic body, or else the government is a failure."

Three million young women engaged in earning a livelihood in the United States is the estimate of Miss Jane Addams. Chicago has at the present time seventeen parks which offer to thousands of these young women and girls "beautiful halls which are used for many purposes, rent free, and are given over to any bands of young people, who wish to conduct dancing parties, subject to city supervision and patronage." This is indeed a brave beginning, but how inadequate. Only seventeen places as yet offered by the municipality in this great city of 2,500,000 people. Perhaps there are as many more "Settlements" and Social Centers where young women and young men may meet under wholesome circumstances without cost, with much more restricted room and privilege. In addition to these, Chicago has many—will some one tell how many?—public school buildings with convenient and attractive assembly halls which are closed during the only hours of leisure for working young people. How many more churches admirably equipped for social centers are closed to the general public or, if open at all, only a few hours during the working week, and then offering highly specialized privileges? Add to this how many more social clubs, beautifully equipped, elaborately planned, but the privileges of which are severely limited by the ominous black ball of the membership committee, and the still more prohibitive membership fee, which enforces the most uncertain line of selection either of merit or need—the money line.

Surely there is much yet to be done for the humanizing of the City Life.

The Grand Army Posts of Chicago at their New Year's festivities started a protest that is likely to become National against the installation of the statue of Robert E. Lee in full Confederate uniform in the Statuary Hall at the Capitol Building at Washington, anticipating that Mississippi will be likely to take like steps to honor its hero, Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy. The indignation of the old soldiers cannot be wondered at. Treason is always despicable and rebellion is never justified except in the interests of progress and Liberty. That both of these men lifted their hands in high treason against the government that had educated and fostered them and that they tried to destroy the Union they had so often sworn to maintain, is, alas, a matter of sad history, which no future historian will gainsay. That Robert E. Lee, at least, brought into the service a single-minded sincerity, high consecration, and that he maintained to the end a conscience without reproach, is also a matter of unquestioned history. He was, all through the war, the right man in the wrong place, doing with consummate skill the wrong thing in the right spirit. After the inevitable catastrophe, for he was fighting not only a Northern army overwhelming in number, but he was fighting against the stars in their courses, with all the logic of progress and humanity against him, he turned to, and changed defeat into victory, in the great constructive work as a civilian and President of the University which ventured to connect his name with that of Washington. Virginia may well be proud of the great man, who was lured from his higher loyalty by its own mistaken clamour. Under the law and the courtesy which becomes a Republic they have a right to place him upon a pedestal in the National Capitol. By so doing, they have committed a breach of taste, not of law, and the magnanimity of the Union soldier can better overlook the bad manners than the rusty veterans of the Confederate Army who followed him, can overlook the bad history. The time will come surely, when the "Sons" of the Confederate soldier will in humble spirit, out of respect to General Lee, withdraw the statue, as it is now rather insolently forced to the front by the well-meaning, but not considerate enthusiasm of the ardent "Daughters" of the Confederate. Had they offered Robert E. Lee as a citizen, in civilian dress and President of the Washington Lee University, not the General Lee in his military trappings, they would have been truer to his memory and more courteous to the genius of history. The writer of this note is entitled to wear the bronze button of the "G. A. R."; he abates not one whit of his loyalty to his comrades and to his country and his hatred of rebellion, and the still deeper hatred of slavery, which was the ultimate root of the rebellion. But he would beg of his comrades to possess themselves in peace. If the ardent young women of Virginia are so dead to the higher courtesies and the "good taste" that is allied to morals and principles, as to obtrude the rebellious General into Memorial Hall at Washington, we can afford to let him stay there, rejoicing in the fact that it is only a bronze counterfeit, dead metal, permitted to stay by the courtesies of democracy, where the living man in active service of a lost cause was not permitted to enter, and upon whose deeds as a General, in spite of his own nobility, the Genius of History has sadly written the decree of error.

The January Magazines

UNITY has persistently decried the amount of time and money absorbed by daily papers and the monthly magazines. It has felt that these are waging an over-successful battle against the library, which contains the permanent treasures in literature, the lasting messages of the poets and philosophers.

But there is no use "kicking against the pricks." Nothing is more apparent than that in the magazines of America, at least, the great questions of civilization are being beaten into the clear. Every month brings a fresh installment of prophecy, concerning the large questions of civic betterment, and corporate justice, as well as the more private interests of the home, and the development of personal character. Measured by the courage as well as the sanity of the message, it is not saying too much that the prophets of America today are delivering their messages through the printed page, largely in the columns of current journalism, chiefly through the few weeklies that still retain a hold upon the public, like *The Nation, Collier's Weekly, The Literary Digest, The Survey, The Outlook, The Independent, and the Springfield Republican* and the monthly magazines which make it financially possible for earnest men and women to apply the attention of experts to the great questions of sanity, justice, education and the higher statesmanship. By way of illustration, let us turn to the pages of some of the magazines of the current month.

The Review of Reviews discusses "The Crisis in England," "The Birth of the New Nation, the United States of South Africa," "The Water Power Sites and the Public Domain" as Secretary Ballinger sees it; "The Water Powers of the South," and "The Hopeful Steps Taken by the State of New York for the Conservation of Its Water Resources."

McClure's Magazine contains an illustrated study of the humiliating tragedy perpetrated by the Spanish government in the execution of School Master Ferrer, which brought about such prompt trouble and humilia-

tion to the unfortunate nation; and a careful study of the Alaska situation under the title of "Billions of Treasure: Shall the Mineral Wealth of Alaska Enrich the Guggenheim Trust or the United States Treasury?" by John E. Lathrop and George Kibbe Turner. The article ends with these significant words:

"Modern government is more and more devoted to economic questions; it is business, speaking in the largest and best sense of that term. There has been a great deal of sentiment in discussing the conservation of the resources of this country. This is not necessary. The United States now holds property of infinite value. It is in the management of officials who are just as responsible for it as are the officials of a bank to their stockholders. The day of rampant individualism on the political platform and of monopoly control in the committee room is coming to an end. And political parties may well recognize it. If one party or administration will not manage our affairs in our own interests, we will get another management. It may not come to-morrow, or next year. But it will come very soon."

The Century Magazine, in addition to the variety of literary matter in the way of story and poem which characterizes this magazine, has an article on "The Passing of the Antique Rug," over which we will not, like the Paris curio dealer, shed any tears, but will say as Emerson said to the Seventh Day Adventist who came to announce to him the speedy end of the world: "Never mind, let it go; we can get along without it." Here is also a most interesting study by Dr. Eliot of Harvard, of the most fascinating dream of the Chicago business man concerning the Chicago that is to be, the most interesting thing concerning which is the fact that business men have indulged in dreams.

The American Magazine is a significant number, if for no other reason than for the two short, pithy comments on the increased cost of living, discussed by Elizabeth Hewes and Mr. Dooley. The short but searching article of Miss Hewes puts the adverse side of "prosperity." *"Do you realize that in this country today nourishing food is becoming a luxury?"* The upward slide of prices does not mean to the wage earning girl increased expenses but decrease of nourishment. Says the writer: "Notice the sliding scale of nourishment displayed in six short years from chicken on toast with a wholesome rice border to potato salad and on at last to an éclair and coffee." Fifteen or twenty cents must be the limit of the noonday lunch to most working girls at this public New York restaurant frequented by 300 shop girls, and the above is the result of "prosperity." Dooley's philosophy seems to the point: "What am I going to do about it?" said Mr. Hennessey. "Some Pollytickal economists are in favor iv ye're not eaten'," said Mr. Dooley. "I would say stop wurrukin' if it gives ye such an appetite."

Current Literature discusses "The Budget Crisis in England," "The Future of the Standard Oil Company" and "The Most Difficult Problem of Modern Civilization," which is none other than the ominous question of divorce. Truly the most confirmed optimist is staggered in the presence of the fearful exhibit of wayward love.

In *The Hampton Magazine* Admiral R. D. Evans gives a cold, calm study to the Panama Canal. Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., gives his second study of "The Ore Finders," which ends in an introduction of an agency purely human that may enter and control the smelters, and stagnate the mine industry of the Rocky Mountain West. Such an agency he discovers as beginning "with a Jew immigrant, who peddled laces in the streets of Philadelphia," continuing in the story of the seven sons, "The Guggenheims, whose story is to be connected with the mining story of the West, Canada, Alaska, Mexico and South America included." Perhaps the most startling study of the month is that by Welliver on "The Mormon Church and the Sugar Trust," with a large amount of detail and technical information. This article shows how the Mormon Church, as the champions of the Beet Sugar Industry, have become "the hostage" by which the trust mulcts the country $1,000,000 annually.

People Who Bothered Me

Every pastor has a man, or more than one, who has the fine art of bothering. He is not the fellow that jumps fences, but he has his fingers in everything, his suggestions everywhere, and he neither knows how to stop or to let alone. As likely as not he is a pious and honest person, but generally has his piety in the way—something as a girl lays a big doll or a boy a Teddy bear in your chair or in your bed. I had a half dozen of these—as I thought rather an extra supply. One, a woman, was determined to become perfect, and she beset me in season and out of season to preach what was called "the doctrine of perfection." I stood it for a year or more, and then preached a sermon—not at all a perfect one—demonstrating the absolute necessity of progress, which assuredly would be impossible to the perfected. The good woman was converted, and switched off from her troublesome hobby. Another wanted to cry over intemperance for half an hour at every prayer meeting. This was a dear, good old man, who read nothing but prohibition papers, and knew no other way of saving the world but to make these prayer meeting speeches. He was simply a bore, and all that I could do was to reduce his half hour to five minutes. We stood that, rather intemperately, until he died. A third wanted to pray without ceasing, and for a while pretty nearly succeeded. He went a little ahead of the Bible, for he wanted to pray aloud without ceasing. He was another right, honest and noble hearted Christian, who had been converted from whiskey to decency. His prayer was very long, and consisted of one continuous sentence, without a verb in it. Unfortunately he was quite deaf, and would drop down to do his testifying, right in the middle of some soft-voiced sister's prayer. It was awkward at this end of the route, although I presume that they succeeded in unsnarling the affair at the other end. At last I made this arrangement. I said, Brother D., I want you to watch my thumb, and if it is up you can

go ahead, but if it is down you must not break in. He agreed to it, but he became very suspicious of that thumb, as probably he might, and kept a sharp lookout for himself. However, on the whole, the plan was a real help, until his suspicions ripened, so that he went to another church.

My predecessor was a noble man, and one of the ablest preachers that I ever heard, but unfortunately he liked a social afternoon and waffles for supper. This resulted in a short round of visits, each week, that were termed pastoral calls. This did not take in all of the people of course; only the elect few. I was expected to follow this delightful round of entertaining, but soon became too busy. After a while these enduring parishioners, realizing the void, became impatient, and began to question my soundness of faith. It was given out that I cared only for niggers and poor folk. There was the same open door that my predecessors had walked out of, and it was opened widely, with a hint that I take the same path. Now let me tell you a secret: I made myself strong with the young people and with the outsiders—doing as little as possible to irritate, but gathering my strength for a wrestle. My advice to a young pastor is to do the same thing; do it honestly with the love which overlooks church lines. When the battle comes, as it certainly did come with me, the opposition will be swallowed out of sight, and the digesting of it will add to the moral health of the church. However, for the encouragement of church bosses, I will say if you stick to it long enough, you can run out almost any pastor. He may seem to be coming in ahead all the time, but you can so disrupt his work, and so inject meanness into all that is undertaken that you can finally unhorse him. It needs patience and ability, but no minister, however faithful and true and industrious, can stand eternal nagging.

Those were off-clearing days, and we had to feel our way very carefully, at least I had to. If those who run against bigotry nowadays will look carefully, they will find that it is at least not a growing power. In those days it was a slim chance for a liberal thinker. He would be "Counciled," and the chances were that he would be unfrocked. The word heretic had not lost its ugly meaning. Ten to one a minister would hide his doubts and be false to his convictions. Then you must remember that the way ahead was full of unsettled problems. Only Theodore Parker had braved the whole issue, as it is understood today. Most of us had been taught that Parker was an incarnation of Satan. The path of right thinking lay in among what we had been trained to abhor. One day a stranger called at my study, and gave me a copy of Paine's Age of Reason. From there he went directly to the daily paper, and handed in this item:

"What are we coming to? The writer has just seen a copy of Tom Paine's works on the study table of the pastor of the Congregational church." It was purely mischievous, and probably intended to call me out. I honor Paine as a princely patriot and logician; but just then my ground was very insecure, and I preferred to move slowly. I certainly could do no good to Mr. Paine by becoming his champion. However the cap was flung into the ring, and I could not afford to be a coward. I simply replied that I had a right to read any book that I chose to read, and to espouse any cause that my consience spoke for; that there was lots of good in Mr. Paine's books, and my opinion was that he had been lied about.

Then came along Dr. Bellows, and for the first time in my life I found someone who fully sympathized with my mental and moral condition. Unfortunately he published in the *Register* such a brotherly letter concerning my work and myself, that my elders at once visited me for council. I told them that the Doctor had got me a little farther along than I felt the ground sure; but that the time had gone by for cornering God in a Congregational church. They sighed a little, then laughed somewhat hysterically, and broke up the session without any alarming results.

E. P. P.

THANKSGIVING

My tent stands in a garden
Of aster and golden-rod,
Tilled by the rain and the sunshine,
And sown by the hand of God,—
An old New England pasture
Abandoned to peace and time,
And by the magic of beauty
Reclaimed to the sublime.

About it are golden woodlands
Of tulip and hickory;
On the open ridge behind it
You may mount to a glimpse of sea,—
The far-off, blue, Homeric
Rim of the world's great shield.
A border of boundless glamor
For the soul's familiar field.

* * * *

Here in the sifted sunlight
A spirit seems to brood
On the beauty and worth of being,
In tranquil, instinctive mood;
And the heart, athrob with gladness
Such as the wise earth knows,
Wells with a full thanksgiving
For the gifts that life bestows:

For the ancient and virile nurture
Of the teeming primordial ground,
For the splendid gospel of color,
The rapt revelations of sound;
For the morning-blue above us
And the rusted gold of the fern,
For the chickadee's call to valor
Bidding the faint-heart turn;

For fire and running water,
Snowfall and summer rain;
For sunsets and quiet meadows,
The fruit and the standing grain;
For the solemn hour of moonrise
Over the crest of trees,
When the mellow lights are kindled
In the lamps of the centuries.

For those who wrought aforetime,
Led by the mystic strain
To strive for the larger freedom,
And live for the greater gain;
For plenty and peace and playtime,
The homely goods of earth,
And for rare immaterial treasures
Accounted of little worth;

For art and learning and friendship,
Where beneficent truth is supreme—
Those everlasting cities
Built on the hills of dream;
For all things growing and goodly
That foster this life, and breed
The immortal flower of wisdom
Out of the mortal seed.

But most of all for the spirit
That can not rest nor bide
In stale and sterile convenience,
Nor safety proven and tried,
But still inspired and driven,
Must seek what better may be,
And up from the loveliest garden
Must climb for a glimpse of sea.

—*Bliss Carman.*

THE PULPIT

The Annual Review: Nineteen Hundred and Nine

SERMON PREACHED JANUARY 2, 1910, IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Here we stand again at the end of another year, and for the twenty-eighth time I venture to make pulpit use of the teeming twelve months. Probably there is no one present today who listened to my summary in 1882, but many of you have listened to enough of my "Annual Reviews" to expose this one to the danger of monotony. But it is only to the superficial observer, the outsider, that the long line of children in the old-fashioned home, climbing like a pair of stairs from the tenth, the babe at the foot of the line, up to the husky young man entering into his majority, seem so like, so much a part of one piece, so many "chips of the old block," that they can be disposed of as "a flock" or "a bunch." To the mother and father the points of divergence are more numerous than the points of agreement. Each one has its peculiarity, its striking originality, its unique personality. If every leaf on the tree differs, as science tells us, from every other leaf, how much greater is the variety in the household, and still more marvelous is the variety and more profound the individualities that mark each annual cycle. The earth completes its circuit around the sun with an exactness marked by the second-hand of your watch, but Nature never repeats herself. These annual children of Time, born of Eternity, have each a countenance of their own, a countenance now saddened by special griefs and gladdened by peculiar triumphs. Each year, humanly considered, may be studied as a chapter in the romance of life, but it is a progressive story and each chapter marks triumphs unparalleled, successes unequaled, the very defeats start from a little higher footing and end on higher vantage ground than mark the preceding disasters.

DEATHS.

With pride and growing joy, let us first think of those whom death transfigured during 1909, for they uttered a year ago.
now speak to us in clearer tones that they could have

It is a far cry from Geronimo, once the dreaded Apache Indian Chief, to the saintly Theodore Cuyler, the venerated pastor of Brooklyn, N. Y., but both lived side by side under the flag through eighty-six snows and eighty-six summers; one representing the vigor and resources of untamed and untrained nature, the other the graces of a cultivated spirit, sanctified to the search of truth and devout service. They died within ten days of each other.

Again, the name of "Lucky" Baldwin, the premier of the California race course, and Carroll D. Wright, the great statistician of labor and President of Clark College, Worcester, Mass., present another striking contrast. Each was eminent in his way; one an authority on the horse; the other an authority upon the great teeming world of human labor,—one who lifted the chaos of economic struggle and warfare into a science and pointed the way to peace and co-operation. The two died within a few days of each other; one in the eighty-first, the other in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Madame Helena Modjeska, the Americanized Pole, and Francis Marion Crawford, the Romanized American, passed into the unknown within the same twenty-four hours. The one, a great actress who had conquered two continents as an artist, was busy training the vines and cultivating the flowers around her California home at sixty-five, when her call came, while the great novelist achieved his high triumphs in fifty-five years of mortal time.

On April 10 Algernon Charles Swinburne, in the seventy-second year of his age, and on May 17, George Meredith, in his eighty-first year, left English poetry and English fiction bereft of their unquestioned masters. English politics and timidity named another poet-laureate to wear the laurel wreath which the great Tennyson laid aside. I need not name him here,—if named he still would remain largely unknown,—but the consensus of the competent unquestionably placed the laureate's crown upon the brow of Swinburne. His was the coronation of genius. He was too much of a poet; his verse rang too clearly the messages of freedom and progress to please royalty. Happily the songs of liberty needed no endorsement from any cabinet officer in order to give them staying qualities.

Peter Fenelon Collier, who rose from a street car driver to be the successful head of a great publishing house, the output of which is charged with culture and with progress; Dana Estes, the Boston publisher with a purpose, the man who hated war and loved Browning; Henry B. Blackwell, the venerable founder and publisher of the *Woman's Journal,* who staved to the front for eighty-four years,—may well be mentioned as eminent publishers who died during 1909.

Sarah Orne Jewett, who did so much to interpret New England life in fiction, in the sixtieth year of her age; Charles Warren Stoddard, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and Richard Watson Gilder, the poet editor of the *Century Magazine,* represent some of the losses in the field of literature.

Charles Green Bush, the cartoonist of the *New York Herald*; General Kountz "the drummer boy of Missionary Ridge," past commander of the G. A. R.; and Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, the pioneer woman physician of Chicago, leave conspicuously vacant chairs.

In the death of John A. Johnson, it was not only Minnesota that was bereft of a favorite son, the Scandinavians of a conspicuous representative, but the United States lost a representative man, one built after the pattern of Abraham Lincoln, material out of which the independent and progressive elements might well have hoped to make a President.

Over in Italy the death of Lombroso, in the seventy-first year of his age, compelled a critical, synical world to recognize that he was one whose work was destined to reconstruct the penal codes of the world, to humanize the treatment and the estimation of criminals, to find that much of the wickedness of the world had better be pronounced "weakness" and that the bad men of the world are to be regarded as the sick men of the world and to be treated as such.

Perhaps no man in America more keenly felt the truth of this contention of science and was more actively and efficiently engaged in applying these principles than my friend, everybody's friend, Samuel June Barrows, Unitarian minister, Editor for many years of the *Christian Register,* member of Congress, who

at his death held some important position in the prison commission of New York State and was President of the International Prison Congress; a soul as gentle as he was stalwart, as kind as he was persistent and aggressive.

Belgium has been ridded of bad King Leopold. The deaths of H. H. Rogers and Edward H. Harriman, masters of frenzied finance, whose taking hence caused anxiety on Wall Street, show how small a place, in the estimation of the world and in the long history of progress, even of financial prosperity, the successful capitalist occupies. Dear as such men may be to their friends and their families, their places are promptly filled and their memories soon pass from the minds of men.

Lastly, tenderly, let me speak the names of Edward Everett Hale, America's Grand Old Man; Hiram W. Thomas, the people's advocate in Chicago for over a third of a century, the glorified Methodist; our own gentle physician, gentle and strong as a watch spring, —George F. Shears; and Lloyd G. Wheeler, who won the confidence and fellowship of the two races that were blended in his veins. Black and white were alike respected and respectable in his triumphs.

This is the time and place to think of the unnamed multitude who by the violence of earthquake, flood and fire, have proved the uncertainties of human life and the abiding realities that underlie the same.

CENTENNIALS.

The important deaths of the year can be recorded, but of the important births the historian a hundred years from now must speak. It is not for human mind to cast the horoscope of the future, nor is it for man to analyze the forces or account for that happy conjunction of the stars which gave to 1809 so large a place in the festivities and the sanctities of 1909. What great centennials have been ours this year! Edgar Allen Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Alfred Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, William Gladstone, Haydn the great musician, Cyrus H. McCormick, the hero of the harvest field, and, crowning all, the great twins of destiny that passed through the gates of birth into mortal time on the eventful day of February 12, 1809,—Charles Darwin, the liberator of men's minds, and Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of four million slaves. Our year has been made beautiful as well as sacred by the memories it has awakened. An altar of religion, a place of praise and prayer, was established wherever the birthday of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated. A new shrine was consecrated towards which the pilgrim feet of the unborn will travel in increasing numbers when the corner stone of the Memorial Building was laid by President Roosevelt on the 12th day of February last, at Hodgenville, Kentucky, on the spot where Abraham Lincoln first saw the light.

SCIENCE AND SCIENTIFIC APPLIANCES.

Still the dominant note in the thought-world is science, science on its material side at that. The closest scrutiny is exercised by the human mind today in the laboratories of the world. The brightest minds, certainly the most energetic, are engaged in trying to apply the discoveries of the laboratory to the machinery of the world. Color photography and the instrument, the telautograph, which can transmit signatures and drawings by electricity have been perfected and made practical this year. The chief practical difficulty encountered this year in the application of the wireless telelphone is the fact that it seems to interfere with the more valuable triumphs of preceding years, the wireless telegraph, which developed the hero of the year in Jack Bins, who, in mid-ocean, on what seemed a sinking ship, summoned his help from afar. The record of the ocean greyhound has been broken this year, the Mauritania making from shore to shore of the Atlantic in four days, eighteen hours and twenty-five minutes. Montana has builded the highest chimney in the world at the great copper center of Great Falls, towering in the air 506 feet, rivaling the Washington monument. Aluminum has been cheapened so that it becomes a rival of copper, and it may yet prove a better material for currency than gold or silver. This year it is claimed that rheumatism has found a remedy in bee-stings, the little animal serving as a living syringe. Doctor Jonnesco has come from over the ocean to teach our surgeons the use of Stovain, which renders surgical operations painless without destroying consciousness. The North Frigid zone has at last been conquered, and Lieutenant Shackelton, with less blare of trumpets, less backing, and much less preliminary work, has come within one hundred and eleven miles of the South Pole. The joy in the first of these achievements has been marred by the painful revelation of the weaknesses of human nature.

But of course 1909 will go down in history as the year when man successfully defied the laws of gravitation and emulated the bird in his flight. Count Zeppelin sailed for five hours, directing his ship at will. Berliot has flown across the English Channel, and the Wright brothers have gone from the United States to receive gold medals from London.

EDUCATION.

Perhaps the two most marked events in the educational world of the United States have been the retirement from office of the venerated and venerable heads of Harvard and Michigan Universities, if indeed the third event here in Chicago does not exceed those in significance,—the elevation of a woman to lead the mighty educational system of the Chicago public schools, the complexity and importance of which far exceed those of the great universities of Massachusetts and Michigan, with many another thrown in.

Simplified spelling and Esperanto continue in a quiet way to enlist an ever-widening circle of educators, and both of these movements indicate the trend towards unity, the call of democracy.

I hope that the newspapers have misquoted the new Harvard chief in the closing days of the year when they represent him as speaking a slighting word for "reformers," comparing them to a certain Cambridge woodpecker who tried to bore a hole through a copper eaves-trough. I believe the story is apocryphal; it is an unjust insinuation against the intelligence of the woodpecker. But be that as it may, it ill becomes our great educational institutions to deal in flippant flings against the reformer, for universities have nothing to give comparable in value with the enthusiasm, the courage, the adventure, that belong to the reformer. Our educational institutions today need no other thing so much as they need the power of enkindling lives. Cold skill, expert complacency, have little economic, spiritual or civic value; they are represented by an engine with an inadequate boiler, a dynamo with defective insulation. Souls, like iron, can be refined and tempered only by heat and the pressure and discipline connected therewith. It was not a flippant word that Doctor G. Stanley Hall spoke in the early part of this year before the St. Louis Society of Pedagogy, when he pleaded for the re-introduction

of scolding as a correction for children's moral delinquencies. He said:

"A sound rebuke from parents and teachers usually has a salutary effect, especially if, when necessary, it is followed by a punishment which has fallen too much into desuetude, viz.—flogging."

Certain it is that, notwithstanding many wise ameliorations, juvenile crime, he tells us, is on the increase, as is the number of suicides and divorces.

If newspaper notoriety were the test, which happily it is not, though it has significance, football remains the central enthusiasm of our educational institutions. The attendant horrible mutilation and pathetic slaughter continue with increasing violence. Notwithstanding the much vaunted reform in methods, there are reported thirty deaths this year as against thirteen last year, and two hundred and sixteen injuries as against one hundred and thirty-four last year, according to the account of the *Chicago Tribune*. These two hundred and sixteen injuries include twelve broken collar bones, nineteen broken ribs, twelve broken legs, nine broken arms, nineteen broken ankles, thirteen broken shoulders, eight broken wrists, six broken hands, three broken jaws, eight broken noses. Here is a record against which the fatalities at Manila and Santiago Bays were slight. I know of nothing more depressing in the educational world than the complacent way in which presidents and professors of eminent institutions justify this horrible waste of time, money and enthusiasm, to say nothing of the life and limb which they seem to hold so cheap. No one has yet attempted, so far as I know, to estimate the cost of football in our universities in dollars and cents, and whatever its advantages and benign influences may be, it touches practically less than twenty-five per cent of the student population of America. David Starr Jordan well says that football as now played is a battle and not a game, and with all its boasted science it is a test of brawn more than of brain, and develops a kind of courage of which the world has always had too much. Battle-field courage is the cheapest spiritual commodity going. Tommy Atkins affords honorable illustrations of this courage. Where does he stand in the line which includes the frail bodies of Dorothea Dix, William Ellery, Channing, Frederick W. Robertson, and their like?

Do these presidents say that boys must have "attractions" in order to bring them to college? They had better stay at home than to be drawn hither by those strifes demanded of muscle. Must they have amusements? Yes, in the absence of purposes. Diversions are necessary where absorptions are wanting.

I believe in sentiment but not in sentimentality; in emotion but not in hysterics. Dr. Charles L. Dana, the eminent nerve specialist, has this year been calling the attention of the medical world to what he calls a modern malady,—a morbid mental activity that is peculiarly characteristic of modern civilization, bordering on insanity. It reveals itself sometimes in abnormal loves and enthusiasms for pet animals, to the neglect of men and women. I believe in protecting the unhappy horse but not in ignoring the more unhappy driver. I love a dog, but more the hand that guards it. Our education is in danger of being distorted for want of perspective. We must hold hard to the things that are most important if we are to continue to grow.

[An estimate of the books of the year is here omitted because the same field was covered at greater length in the issue of Unity for December 16.]

POLITICS.

Turning to the politics of the world there is little as I see it in our municipal, state or national politics of 1909 to rejoice over. In Chicago we try to cheer ourselves over a good business administration, conspicuous leadership on high lines in some departments, but there is no relieving the municipal administration from the responsibility of the crimes and the debauchery which partisan politics shelters if it does not encourage. We may have good schools, wise enforcement of sanitary laws, and an energetic fire and police department, but so long as there is graft, petty and great, partisan activity and low ideals pervading our city administration, there is little cause for congratulation. In the state of Illinois we have seen politics making strange bedfellows, those in whom a short time ago the honest voter and the reformer trusted and championed have been found hobnobbing with the men whom they once denounced, electioneering in the interest of and in co-operation with those whom they had declared corrupt. After a humiliating suspension of real legislative activities, and much wasting of public funds, we have seen our state legislature bargaining, combining, peddling, at last uniting, in elevating to the senatorial chair, a chair once occupied by Lyman Trumbull, John A. Logan, David Davis and their kind, one whose entire public career has been associated with the disreputable, distrusted, unilluminated elements in our politics. A tricky politician has been elevated to a position in which only far-seeing and enlightened statesmanship should be found.

If we look to Washington, there is not much more to cheer us. After much wrangling, battling, trading, manipulating, we have a new tariff law which gives but little comfort either to the honest protectionist or the honest free-trader. It was a game of graft ever continued of one kind or another, of avowed selfishness on the part of organized interests. The manufacturer and the dealer got all they could of men who were pledged by pre-election vows as well as by their oath of office, to advance the interests of the consumer and the general well-being of the nation.

If we take a wider view, and glance at the politics of the world, perhaps there is more ground for cheer. By an unexpected and almost bloodless revolution, Turkey has lined up with the progressive nations of Europe, retired the sick man and established a constitutional government. Convulsions in Persia may bring about the same result. Sweden has enfranchised its women, but the fell hand of Russia has for the present obliterated the last hope of the Finlanders for a self-respecting and self-administering government. In England, Lloyd George's budget, though for the present defeated, was the most prophetic thing of the year. At last Henry George's great phrase, "the unearned increment," is becoming masterful in statesmanship. And the House of Lords wrote their doom when they rejected the budget which demanded that their unproductive, as well as unearned wealth, should carry a fair proportion of the burdens of government.

The United States has had its great conservation congress, in which the governors of all the states and representatives of Canada and Mexico united, and the question, "Who has a right to the title of the bounties of nature, God's great gifts, represented by the wealth of the mines, the power of the rivers, the resources of the forest, and the eminent domain of the fertile arcres?" was frankly asked if not answered. This is the pressing question which 1909 has forced to the

front, a question that calls to statesmen and moralists alike for an answer not dictated by convention, tradition or selfish greed.

The year is not without its hopeful indications in its Pinchot, its Judge Lindsey, its Alderman Merriman. In October last, President Taft, while in Colorado, touched the button and opened the great Gunnison tunnel, the result of ten years of skillful engineering. Three shifts of men working day and night all this time resulted in piercing a mountain ridge, stealing a mountain torrent out of a rugged canon, and diverting it through a six-mile tunnel, so that it now pours twelve-hundred cubic feet of water per second into a system of reservoirs and ditches that irrigate 147,000 acres of land, converting a desert waste into a garden. And all this at the cost of but three million dollars, less than one-third of the cost of our boasted Dreadnought, the Delaware, which we launched this year, with its hellish brood of 6-12 inch guns and a waspish lot of smaller supply guns.

The steady growth of the "dry territory" is the crowning thing of the year in the United States. Thus far the unique and surprising feature of the twentieth century. The modest little year-book of the Anti-Saloon League for 1909 is far and away the most encouraging exhibit we have to show for the year just closed. Compared with the significance of this exhibit, the footing of our commercial exhibits, the billions of deposits and the millions of increase in the various departments of trade are unimportant and insignificant.

But let us not deceive ourselves. Our boasted prosperity may mean our degradation rather than our advancement; it does mean oftentimes and in many places much financial hardship and much material suffering. The small proportion of the population who are money-makers and money accumulators find in their prosperity, opportunities for more display, more travel, more sumptuous living and, as they are apt to think, more freedom from care, more opportunity for developing taste and intellect. At the other economic pole, "united labor" from time to time, by the war methods of combines and strikes, may be able to advance their wages and in that way make their incomes tally more or less accurately with the increase of living. But the great bulk of humanity, those who are neither capitalists nor journeymen, those who are content to give their lives for a living, the unorganized wage-earners, the professional men, teachers, preachers, stenographers, public servants of every kind, find no increase of income commensurate with the increase in the cost of living. Such find the battle for a livelihood becoming more and more grim each year. Those of us who within the last five or ten years have seen the cost of living in all departments advance ten to twenty-five per cent, but whose salaries remain the same, find the struggle of life thereby intensified from ten to twenty-five per cent. And we represent the great mass of the working brain as well as brawn of the nation.

The latest government reports of England show that there are 959,848 paupers in England and Wales, one in every thirty-seven. The number of able-bodied men relieved on account of want shows an increase of 133 per cent over last year, while, on the other hand, the estate of the Duke of Wellington, Strathfieldsaye, consisting of eight thousand acres, which was given to the first Duke generations ago for military service, yielded last year 5,973 pieces of game,—partridges, rabbits, woodcocks, etc. Any laborer or farmer even entering the preserve, without the permission of the Duke, is rendered liable to felony. To be found handling a single bird would cause him to be convicted as a thief.

One of the agitations of the year has been the raising of our President's salary. He now must sled along on a beggarly income of $50,000 a year while the French President receives $120,000 a year, King Edward discharges his arduous task for $3,000,000 a year, Emperor William's hard work has driven him to drink on $4,000,000 a year, the Czar of Russia gets $12,000,000 a year, and it is hard times with him,—his income is being reduced,—while the new Turkish Ruler has a prospective income of $7,500,000. Publicity is wholesome. When the expenditures of the prosperous as well as those of the needy, are scientifically studied and frankly exhibited, we shall come to a more righteous life for the individual and for the state. At the present moment, it is more true than ever before that money, money, money is the root of corruption in the state, the church, the home, the individual life. Money, not lust, is back of the white slave trade; money, not passion for stimulants, is the foe which the anti-saloon forces encounter; money is the corrupting element in politics; money diverts the churches and perverts the taste of men and women. It not only corrupts legislators but gags preachers, warps editors and debauches the reformer.

RELIGION.

Finally, what shall I say of the religious interests of the year? There are indications many that the central forces of religion are gathering strength. There is a decline of interest in dogma, a growth of enthusiasm for reform. The magazines of the year have been teeming with discussions that heretofore were relegated to the so-called religious organs, the denominational papers. Godless New York and San Francisco have been exploited with frankness. One of the significant addresses of the year was that of Lincoln Steffens before a body of Boston preachers, in which he vindicated the sanctity of muck-raking as the duty of the clergy now, as in the times of Isaiah. Now, as then, it is the burden of the teacher of religion to lift up his voice like a trumpet and to cry aloud and spare not. A body of preachers in Texas have, through state legislation, driven gambling off the race-course and out of the agricultural fairs of that great empire. Chicago's scandalous first ward ball has been suppressed by a protest valiantly urged, if not led, by the clergy of Chicago. Even the most conservative of the churches are revising their creeds and atoning for past errors. The Presbyterians have erected an "expiatory monument" over the grave of the Unitarian martyr, Michael Servetus, burned with the consent of John Calvin three hundred and fifty years ago. And the Roman Catholic church, with much pomp and unquestioned sincerity, as the result of a ten-years' investigation, has "canonized" Joan of Arc, whom nearly five centuries ago it burned as witch and a heretic, chiefly because she donned a man's clothes in order to lead an army to victory.

The Baptist ministers of Chicago have thrown out Professor Foster from their midst this year, but they thus endeared him to a multitude of preachers, and multiplied the readers of his books many times.

These are only straws that indicate the trend of the mighty current. The growth of the Peace Movement and the abatement of race prejudices mark the real progress in religion during 1909. Our long line

of battleships returned early in the year from their foolish parade around the world, a twenty-million dollar junketing excursion, leaving a bad taste in the mouth like our foolish Fourth of July celebration. England's hysterics over a silly melodrama that showed what Germany might do if it pounced down upon them some dark night unawares, and the consequent parading of British battle-ships in the Thames, reaching from London to the sea, count but little. The bluster over Venezuela and Guatemala could not lend dignity to war departments, for a better way has already been discovered. The cry against the Japanese cannot permanently embroil the nation, and even the deep-seated race problem of the United States is solving itself more rapidly than either the friend or the foe of the negro can understand. Even in Mississippi a lone negro took issue with the law that provided for the levying of a tax for the establishment of an agricultural school, for the maintenance of which the colored man was taxed, but from the privileges of which he was excluded, carried the case step by step to the Supreme Court of the State, a bench largely appointed by the fierce Governor Bardman himself, and the negro won out.

Away back in 1862, forty-seven years ago, Moncure D. Conway, a Virginian, quoted Thomas Jefferson's saying, "The negro race has a destiny," and himself added:

> "The negro has shown a vitality equal to that of the white race where both are out of their native climates. This race is to remain with us. It has brought from the remotest past and the vivid East a sacred stream of vitality, by it alone now represented upon earth, which it is appointed to mingle with the current of humanity, and without which the man in the new world could never fill out the outlines sketched for him by the Supreme Artist."

In 1862 this may have been rhetoric, but let one read the two-volume story of the negro, published this year by Booker T. Washington, and the rhetoric becomes history. Significant as is the work of Washington's, the most deliberate, exhaustive, and academic study yet given to the negro, it is not so significant as the novel entitled "The Southern," just from the press, the last important book of 1909. The sub-title is "The Autobiography of Nicholas Worth," but it is supposed that the real author is a prominent literary man, magazine editor and publisher, a man born and reared in the South. It is a voice as from Abraham's bosom setting forth in the clear light of a broader culture and a wider experience the narrowness of the vision, the inflamed prejudices and unscientific sentimentality which still envelop the negro problem in many minds, particularly in the South. This book by an educated Southern gentleman corrects the unwholesome, though perhaps excusable sentimentality of the Daughters of the Confederacy and promises a time when they, like their fathers, the grizzly, war-worn veterans who fought under Lee, will accept the conclusions of the Civil War, rejoice in the triumphs of the forces of liberty, and regret that slavery, an inheritance from barbaric times, was carried so long as to interfere with the growth of the South and the development of the white race as well as the black race.

A closing personal word: Four occasions during the year, in which I was able to participate, have brought me great joy and pride: the meeting of the two hundred or more invited friends from all parts of the country who convened in New York to consider the interests of the colored race; a Federation of Religion, held in Philadelphia under the auspices of the liberal workers, which met for three days in a Quaker meeting-house, and represented a sympathy reaching from the Roman church to the Jewish fellowship; the memorable Peace Congress which gathered in Chicago last May, national in character, and international in importance; and, lastly, the dedication of the Tamalpais Centre in California, in some real sense a child of the Abraham Lincoln Centre,—all of them meetings that represent the growing, glowing, holy side of 1909. The reports of the Philadelphia and Chicago meetings have been put into book form and present a body of high reading which I take great pleasure in commending to you.

With this too long but wholly inadequate retrospect, let us turn our back on the past and hopefully face the future, its opportunities and its inspirations.

All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love the other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose upon us any aesthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common coarse people, who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely-assorted cravat and waistcoast, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers; more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is perhaps rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

—*George Eliot.*

THE HOME

THE VALIANT

Not for the star-crowned heroes, the men that conquer and slay,
But a song for those that bore them, the mothers braver than they!
With never a blare of trumpets, with never a surge of cheers,
They march to the unseen hazard—pale, patient volunteers;
No hate in their hearts to steel them,—with love for a circling shield,
To the mercy of merciless nature their fragile selves they yield.
Now God look down in pity, and tmeper thy sternest law;
From the field of dread and peril bid Pain his troops withdraw!
Then unto her peace triumphant let each spent victor win,
Tho' life be bruised and trembling,—yet, lit from a flame within
Is the wan sweet smile of conquest, gained without war's alarms,
The woman's smile of victory for the new life safe in her arms.
So not for the star-crowned heroes, the men that conquer and slay,
But a song for those that bore them, the mothers braver than they!

—*M. A. De Wolfe Howe*

John Kellogg's Failure

Deacon John Kellogg sat is the second pew from the front on the left side of the church, and was commonly the first man to take the hand of the young minister after the sermon. His words of commendation were hearty, and they brought with them a particular sense of knowledge and discrimination, for the old man had lived for a few years in town, and had heard the great preachers.

His experience in the city gave to him, among his country neighbors, a certain distinction; but at the same time it involved a certain disparagement, for John Kellogg had not made a success of his life in the city, and had come back to his farm because he had to do so.

He had had ambitions. He had been a successful farmer, with money in the bank, but all the neighbors knew that he was ambitious to move to town and go into business. After many years of hard work, when he was somewhat past middle age, he rented his farm and went to town, and entered into partnership with two other men. The story of that business venture was succinctly told after this fashion: At the outset he furnished the money and they the experience; before very long he had the experience and they had the money.

So he came back to the farm and set himself to paying off his debts. The neighbors admired his courage, but they smiled when they told how his pride had gone before destruction, and his ambition for town life had proved the ruin of his fortunes.

It took him long to pay his debts, and when they were paid he was an old man, and his ambition to live in town or to accumulate wealth was gone. Nothing remained for him but his farm home and his seat in church.

The young minister came gradually to a knowledge of those few years in the city, and after a time, while attending a meeting there, he became acquainted with some who had known John Kellogg while he resided there. What he learned thrilled him with admiration for the man who had returned to plow corn and bury his ambitions. He resolved that the minute he returned home he would go to him and tell him what sort of man he had learned him to be.

But before the meetings were over, he received a telegram, and he hastened back to find that John Kellogg was dead. But what he learned too late to tell him to his face, he told beside his coffin. Part of it the people knew—but not all.

It was not the fault of John Kellogg, but distinctly that of his partners, that wrecked his business in town. Legally each partner was liable for the entire indebtedness, but the others hid their wealth. There was a way for him to have escaped by the payment of his third, but he refused to do it, because, he said the people who trusted the firm had trusted him. So he assumed the whole of the debt.

The face of the debt was three times what he might have paid, and it took five times as long to pay it. But for honor's sake he did it, and year by year he plowed corn till he had paid the last dollar. When it was done, he was an old man. But had he failed?

—*Exchange.*

Men of Labrador

After a visit to his old home in England and a trip to Paris in 1907, Dr. Wilfred Grenfell returned to his work in Labrador with satisfaction. In writing to a friend of his cordial reception, the doctor declared the men of Labrador to be far ahead of the men of Paris. The incident is found in Mr. Johnston's "Grenfell of Labrador."

A group of broad-chested, blue-jerseyed men soon gathered round one after landing, and the usual questions were passed to and fro: "What have you been doing this winter, John?"

"In the woods, doctor, all the while."

"How was the hauling?"

"A drefle hard winter, not a single thaw till April hard enough to bind the snow. It were like dust right along, wi' ne'er a surface to it. Drifts? Well, they were deep enough to bury everything."

"And how about you, Albert?"

"Well, sir, us stayed on the outside this year, to tend to our 'swill' nets. Us be a big crowd to face the bay in an open boat late in the fall."

"I hope seals were plentiful?"

"Us can't complain, doctor. The dogs did not want for a carcass, anyhow. But it bain't like it were before them sailing steamers come along a-cuttin' of 'em up."

They extended their warmest congratulations on my having weathered so great a peril in that wilderness called Europe, and they were loud in their expressions of unstinted satisfaction that I had returned quite safely.

As I looked at their active, well-knit figures and their honest, open, bronzed faces, I found no room in my mind to doubt that they were absolutely right. For there rose before my eye anemic faces, and the frail figures of many that I had met, with everything at their command in the center of so-called civilization. Scanning these splendid specimens of manhood, clad in the homely, serviceable, and therefore to me all the more artistic, garb, there rose to my mind frilled and furbelowed clothes-pegs I had seen moving in the streets of Paris. And I remembered somewhat gladly that Charles Wagner had flung down his book on the "Simple Life" amongst them for their better education.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS.....MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. OSBORNE E. D. MARTIN PAYSON S. WILD

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE TO THE BERLIN CONGRESS.—Better than any contribution from me this week will be to give the latest information supplied by Secretary Wendte, in the *Christian Register*, concerning travel plans for the Berlin Congress. He says:

"The party, all of whose cabin accommodation has been reserved for them, will sail from Boston, July 13, by a Leyland Liner, and travel together through England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France, according to the itinerary, printed in the *Christian Register* of December 2, and returning, sail for Boston in two sections from Antwerp, by the Red Star cost of this excursion is $375, everything included.

A supplementary tour has been arranged for those who may desire to attend the Hungarian Unitarian four hundredth anniversary at Koloszvár and the Theodore Parker one hundredth anniversary at his grave in Florence, Italy, as follows:

Itinerary for Hungarian-Italian Trip.—Same as Main Tour to Munich, August 16, thence, August 17, leave Munich by rail for Linz, August 18, by steamer to Vienna. August 19, at Vienna. August 20, by rail to Budapest. August 21 (Sunday), at Budapest. August 22, by rail to Koloszvar. August 23-25, at Koloszvar. August 26, return by rail to Budapest. August 27, to Agram. August 28 (Sunday), to Fiume. August 19, Adriatic steamer from Fiume to Venice. August 20, at Venice, gondola trip. August 31, to Florence. September 1, in Florence. September 2, to Milan. September 3, via the St. Gothard to Lucerne. September 4 (Sunday), at Lucerne. September 5, to Paris. September 6, in Paris. September 7, to Antwerp. September 8, departure from Antwerp (steamer sails). September 18, arrive in Boston.

The dates after September 1 are optional, as the trip can be extended at pleasure. As given above, however, the excursion will last fifteen days longer than the Main Tour and will cost $100 more, *i. e.*, $475 in all.

A circular giving full details of these excursions may be procured by addressing Rev. C. W. Wendte, 25 Beacon street, Boston.

Particular attention is called to the flexible arrangements made with Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, who have these trips in charge, by which parties contemplating an earlier sailing to Europe, by any line of steamships, in June or July, can be accommodated and still be accounted as members of the Pilgrimage. Thus they would help to swell the number of persons necessary to secure the substantial reductions in the rates of travel, and travel with the party so far as their inclination and ability may permit. Our Unitarian clergy and laity are asked to manifest in this matter the *esprit de corps* essential to the large success of the enterprise, which has been undertaken in the common interest and in which its promoters deserve to be sustained. Correspondence on this subject with the secretary, whose address is given above, will be given prompt, and, it is hoped, satisfactory attention. No berths will be assigned on the outgoing steamer until January 3 ensuing, and then in the order of the applications received. At present about sixty persons have either enrolled themselves or are in correspondence with the committee. An early application is therefore desirable as the cabin accommodation is limited.

It is hoped soon to publish the preliminary programme of the congress, which already embraces a brilliant list of names of scholars, preachers, and reformers of many nations. The German committee is already at work. In England, Dr. R. J. Campbell, who is to speak at the Congress Social Issues, has invited the American party to his church, the City Temple in London, for a special reception to be held in their honor. The Unitarians of Liverpool, Oxford, and London have arranged for similar gatherings. Our Dutch friends and cousins-german will not be outdone in this matter. The Hungarian-Italian excursion will be of singular romance and beauty. In Florence, Rev. Tony Andre, D. D., who was a delegate to the Boston International Congress of 1907, and whose church owns the cemetery in which Theodore Parker lies buried, will welcome and guide the pilgrims who are to lay a wreath upon his monument on the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth. M. E. H.

LIBRARY WALL CARD.
Lettered by Olive L. Grover.
Hand colored, 35 cents. In Pas-partout, 75 cents. Framed, $1.00.

TREASURE BOOKS.
Silk sewed; ribbon hinged; in four colors—red, blue, green and gray. Twenty-eight pages.
Size 6⅜ by 9 inches, 75 cents; 83c postpaid.
Size 7½ by 8 inches, 75 cents; 83c postpaid.
Size 6⅜ by 8¼ inches, 65 cents; 72c postpaid.
Size 5¼ by 6½ inches, 50 cents; 56c postpaid.
Envelope size, eight pages, with envelope, in five colors, red, blue, green, gray and brown, 4½ by 6¼ inches, per dozen, 60 cents, postpaid
Choice clippings, 25c per package.
LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago.

PUBLICATIONS OF UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.
By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

The Faith That Makes Faithful. By W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Silk cloth, net.....$ .75
Paper ..... .25

Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. Cloth $1.50

A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel—(Second Series). Cloth $1.50
The two volumes..... 2.50

Love and Loyalty. Sermons preached to the Confirmation Classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Cloth. Net....$1.50

What Does Christmas Really Mean? By John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. With colored cartoon cover and frontispiece by Mr. McCutcheon. Boards, net, 50 cents; postpaid.. .55

Nuggets From a Welsh Mine. Cloth, net $1.00

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Cloth $1.25

Seven Great Religious Teachers: I, Moses; II, Zoroaster; III, Confucius; IV, Buddha; V, Socrates; VI, Jesus; VII, Mohammed. The seven pamphlets in a neat case, net..... .75

DRUGS BEST QUALITY COMPLETE STOCK
C. R. WALGREEN & CO.
Successors to W. G. Valentine
3900 Cottage Grove Ave.

FOR
ICE CREAM
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity telephone Oakland 290
Frozen Arts
743 East 43rd St.

BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136

Fine Residence Work Especially.

Electricians and Locksmiths

3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

Bowman Dairy Company

Milk bottled in the country

Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk

Do our wagons serve you?

Why not have the best?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all division offices.

Evanston -- Chicago -- *Oak Park*

Clover-fed cows - -

Inspected Dairies - -

Sanitary, clean bottling plants - -

Delicious, rich, wholesome milk and cream -

THAT'S WANZER'S

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS

19 - 21 E. 30th St. Phone Douglas 817

6313-6315 Kimbark Ave. Phone Hyde Park 207

Don't Pay Fancy Prices for Butter

BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is better than the best and goes twice as far.

So called cheap butter at all, but BUT-O-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is absolutely reliable, pure and wholesome. It is made of pure ground Spanish Peanuts, grown in America, and the best in the world. Come and see it made. Hundreds of dainty dishes are made from it.

Try It Free Write today for Free Sample Jar. We will send it by return mail together with our But-O-Nut Cook Book which is full of valuable recipes. Write today.

QUALITY BUT-O-NUT NUT BUTTER PURITY

PEANUT BUTTER

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

CHICAGO PURE FOOD CO.

214-216 S. Water St., Chicago

4647 Grand Boulevard

Phone Oakland 319

Muir CHICAGO ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

3530 Michigan Avenue

Phone Douglas 319-338

Oakland 51 Drexel 5654

ADAMS BROS. GARAGE

171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.

All the Latest Improvements for the Care of Electric and Gasoline Vehicles

Storage Charging Repairing

Supplies for Sale

$1.00

—TO—

Cincinnati

—VIA—

C. C. & L.

SAVED BY USING ITS $5 RATE.

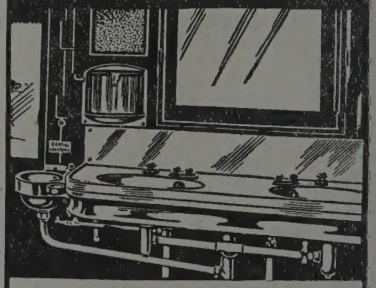
CITY TICKET OFFICE

109 Adams St. Phone Harrison 3570.

Trains leave from CENTRAL STATION, PARK ROW AND TWELFTH STREET.

Dental Lavatories

THE "ALTON'S" LATEST



Does away with the ugly habit in sleeping cars of people cleaning their teeth in the regular lavatories. The new Pullman equipment of the Chicago & Alton Railroad has a neat little dental lavatory. The water has the chill removed. A rinsing apparatus for automatically cleansing the bowl is also a feature. Separate water glasses are provided.

W. L. ROSS Vice-President. GEO. J. CHARLTON Chicago. Gen. Passenger Agt.

"THE ONLY WAY" BETWEEN Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City Peoria, Springfield

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

ESTABLISHED 38 YEARS

Athenaeum Business College

ADVISORY BOARD

Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL.D. Bishop of Reformed Episcopal Ch.
Thomas Estill Commissioner Salvation Army for the Western States
Rev. Abraham Hirschberg Secretary of the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago
Rev. George W. Gray, D. D.
Charles A. Brillow President Wabash Valley Coal Co.
James W. Howell, Attorney
W. D. Peck, B. A., Principal
Samuel B. Willey, LL. B., President

The School of Quality

18 to 26 VAN BUREN STREET
Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO

Phone Harrison 1110

DEPARTMENTS
1. Shorthand and Typewriting
2. Commercial
3. Preparatory
4. Teachers' Review
5. Railroad Freight Rates

TUITION RATES
$10 Per Month Payable in Advance
Night School, $4 Per Month

40 Thousand Graduates

Young people qualified in our Shorthand and Business departments in the shortest possible time for positions that pay at once from $25 to $60 per month. Individual instruction. Enter at any time. Day and night sessions. Call, write, or phone Harrison 1110 for catalogue. Positions for graduates. 38 years of uninterrupted success.

Madame Drake
Importer
invites you to inspect the
Season's Model
Millinery

359 E. 47th Street
Near Grand Boulevard
Chicago

MADE OF CREAM
Thompson's Ice Cream

WE CATER PARTICULARLY TO SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, LODGES, FAMILIES, ETC.

Phone Oakland 1177 43rd and Evans

CREAMERIES:
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.

DOWD PURE MILK CO.

4326-34 WABASH AVE.

Phone Oakland 474

Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country

OUR MOTTO: Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery

Ideal Cream

For Chapped and Rough Skin

Prepared by WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

F. HOPE & SON

PAINTS FRAMES THE ACME QUALITY BING STAINS VARNISHES

Painting and Decorating
Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.
Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.

HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

JOIN THE EVOLUTIONARY BIBLE CLASS

New translation, science, history, higher criticism, miracles disproved. truth fearlessly stated.

"It has greatly interested me."—Andrew D. White, Ex-Pres. Cornell University.

"Nothing like it."—Judge Sibley, Columbus, O.

"I cannot overstate my delight."—E P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.

Published in the Common Sense Bible Teacher, quarterly, $1.00 a year. Sample copy, 25 cents. Program free.

Common Sense Bible Teacher
ST. PAUL - - MINNESOTA

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards
1047 W. Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House 161 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

The Great Civil War
By Charles R. Cooper.
Late 67th Ohio V. V.
CHRONOLOGICAL AND ALPHABETICAL RECORD OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.
With a rare Frontispiece of Lincoln. Royal octavo, bound in blue cloth, gold-lettered back, white-lettered side, bevelled boards, sprinkled edges.
Reduced from $5.00 to $2.50.
THE CAXTON PRESS
614 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill

LOVE
THE WORLD'S BEST THOUGHT AND ACTION
By Mail, 10 cents
THE CAXTON PRESS
614 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

PROCTOR ACADEMY
Andover, New Hampshire
A Unitarian School for both sexes. Tuition and Board $250 a year. Courses in Business and Domestic Science. College Certificate. New Gymnasium. New Separate Dormitories.
Principal, Annvorer, New Hampshire

Drexel State Bank
OAKWOOD BOULEVARD AND COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE
Resources over $3,000,000.00
3%
PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS
Safety Deposit Boxes $3 a Year and Up

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS
Ladies Tailor
NOTE—During January and February will give a discount of $10.00 on every suit made.
1418 E. FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS
Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Clark-Lyon Company
Successors to W. D. Clark & Co.
FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS
3917-19 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE.

South Side State Bank
COR. 43rd ST. AND COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Capital $200,000
A State Bank with Strong Directorate and Responsible Stockholders. 3 per cent interest on Savings. Your Account Invited.
DIRECTORS

C. H. Randle	Capitalist
George B. Robbins	Pres. Armour Car Lines
Nate R. Salsbury	Capitalist
Isaac N. Powell	Treasurer City of Chicago
John Cheshire	Cheshire & Shotwell
O. F. Schmidt	Pres. Security Vault Co
Wm. Hardy	Cashier
F. A. Randle	Vice-President
H. W. Mahan	President